FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

LITTLE BESSIE'S BICYCLE.

The Diminutive Miss Usually Rides About Fifteen Miles a Day.

Little Miss Bessie Wood of 384 West Thirty-second street, who is 7 years old, has the distinction of being the smallest bicyclist in the city that can do her 10 to 15 miles upon her wheel in one afternoon.

To ride from her home in Thirty-second street to Grant's tomb is Miss Bessie's favorite trip and one that she takes quite frequently. She is able to dodge

in among the trucks and circle around the horses with all the ease and sang froid of a grown person.

The wheel that this 7-year-old cyclist rides was built especially for her. Papa Wood had considerable trouble before he was able to get a machine that was satisfactory to Miss Bessie and in accordance with his own ideas. The wheel is like a racing lightweight runner with steel rims.

The steel rims did not give satisfaction at first and wooden rims were used for awhile with poor success, so the steel rims were put back.

Her bicycle suit consists of navy blue bloomers and a pretty braided jacket and cape. One of the troubles of this wee maiden's outings is to get to her wheel, which is kept in Thirty-third street, without letting the public know that she wears bloomers. Her mother puts a dress over her costume until she is ready to mount. When she is in the saddle, Miss Bessie considers her bloomers quite proper and modest.

With her fair complexion, bright blue eyes and wavy brown hair and slight, childish form she makes a pretty picture as she rides her wheel along the boulevard.—New York Herald.

An Apple.

Jerry and Frank were two horses hitched to a yellow car. All the morning they had gone back and forth patiently, with only a rest now and then, but Jerry was beginning to feel rebellious. He was tired, and it was getting hotter every square. Jerry was not by nature such a meek horse as was Frank; but, then, too, he had not been a city car horse as long as Frank had been. Frank knew the only way to do was to go on and on, whether you were tired or not. The driver had it all to say.

By the time Jerry had made up his mind to be stubborn the driver stopped the horses on a switch to wait until the car a square away had passed.

Right there on the curbstone sat a little bootblack. On the pavement lay his torn cap, and he let people go by unnoticed as he rubbed an apple on his jacket to make it shiny. A sweet lady had given it to him, and he was just over his surprise and getting ready to eat it, when he looked up and saw Jerry standing near and looking at the apple longingly with his pitiful eyes.

The little bootblack understood. There was not much time to think—the other car was not far away—but he wondered how he would feel if he was that horse, and quick as a flash he broke the apple in two and put one piece in Jerry's mouth and the other in Frank's. It was delicious.

Jerry forgot about being stubborn as they started on, and Frank forgot his aching bones, while the little ragged bootblack ran away, calling after a man with dusty shoes, "Have a shine, mister?"—Youth's Companion.

The Wasp and the Spider.

Said the Wasp to the Spider, "Let's build us a ship,
With a red maple leaf for a sail.
We'll fasten it right at the front of a chip.
Like mariners bold, we will start on a trip
And weather the heaviest gale."

The Spider agreed, and they both sailed away
Far over the seas, in their dory.
But whither they went I really can't say,
For they never were heard of again from that day!
So that is the end of my story.
—F. H. Littlejohn in St. Nicholas.

Always Eloquent.

Uncle—Is your little dog intelligent?

Small Nephew—Well, he hasn't got so very much sense in his head, but his tail seems to know a lot.—Good News.

UTOPIA FOR GIRL GRADUATES.

Sir Thomas More's Prophecy Has Come to Pass In America.

Sir Thomas More published his famous "Utopia" in 1516. It was an account of an imaginary commonwealth on the island of Utopia, formed from two Greek words, meaning "nowhere." A companion of Americus Vespucius was said to have discovered this island, where a perfect state of society existed, and to have narrated the story to good Sir Thomas. A system of government prevailed so very like that advocated by the Nationalists that it is surprising none of the hypercritics of the day have thought of charging Bellamy with plagiarizing from "Utopia."

But the wildest and most utopian of all the schemes adopted by this famous commonwealth, and which called out immeasurable laughter and ridicule from all Europe, was that relating to the education of girls, for in Utopia as extensive and liberal an education was given to girls as to boys, and nothing was lacking to develop in them a noble and symmetrical womanhood. Sir Thomas More defended the Utopians in their astounding departure from the custom of those times and replied to those who attacked him and them that "if the reproaches cast on the female understanding were sound they would but afford so many additional reasons for bestowing on it all possible cultivation."

Only 370 years ago! And now we see that Sir Thomas More was a prophet, and, as far as the education of girls is concerned, that "Utopia" has come to pass in America. Never were the girl graduates from seminaries, "fitting schools," normal schools and colleges so numerous as this year. The papers inform us that "more women are seeking admission to colleges than the colleges have room for." The secretary of the New York State university reports 23,556 girls and 18,243 boys in the seminaries and academies of the state of New York, the former being 56 per cent of the whole.

Of honor credentials, the girls received this year 293 to 140 granted to the boys—a proportion of 68 per cent for the girls. The number of girls who entered college last year from regents' schools was 84 per cent greater than the year before, and this year will show a similar increase. "At this rate," says the secretary, "it looks as if early in the next century the colleges would graduate more women than men, just as the academies do now."

I recently met the dean of the women's college of Brown university and learned that the nine women students with whom the college opened three years ago had increased this year to 78. A larger increase is expected next year, but how to accommodate these earnest and well fitted students is a problem that taxes the university seriously. The financial distress of the country has delayed the erection of buildings for their occupancy, but they cannot be much longer dispensed with. The dean spoke in terms of commendation of the women students, who are welcomed by the faculty, the young men of the university and all others concerned. Their admission was a popular movement from the start, and the women of the Providence club promptly manifested their interest by taking measures to found scholarships for the assistance of needy women students. Among the graduates this year was Miss Mary Woolley, once treasurer of the New England Wheaton Seminary club, who has received much commendation from the college faculty and was graduated with high honors. She had taken exceptionally high rank as a teacher before she entered the university.

How little while ago it seems since Dr. E. H. Clarke published his book, "Sex In Education!" With what ponderous solemnity he iterated and reiterated that the higher education of women meant their physical and domestic ruin! And now what rubbish the book is!—Mary A. Livermore.

That "Privilege."

It is very amusing to read the various comments made when some voting "privilege" is accorded to women. "Now," says some enterprising journal, "let us see if the women will take advantage of the favor thrown out to them. If the majority of them don't want the privilege of voting, why should we bother to give it to the few who do? We don't need more voters, but more intelligent ones!" This being so, how many men would have to come off the list of American voters? It is a question of right and wrong. In any "intelligent" country intelligent persons are supposed to govern. Intelligence has no sex, and its rights should be respected wherever found. The voices and work of a few thoughtful women will do a great deal to counteract the influence of "bought up" votes of the masses of ignorant male citizens.—Boston Ideas.

Advantages of British Matrons.

It may be a question whether the Woman's Suffrage society should not take up the question. At all events, there must be something wrong in the law. An application was made to Judge Lumley Smith at the Westminster county court to commit a married woman to prison for nonpayment of a debt. "I cannot do so," said the judge, "because the law prevents me sending a married woman to prison for debt. Perhaps the law ought to be altered, but there it is." And the married woman went free, which is a valuable hint to the single.—London Telegraph.

Two Lovely American Women.

Andreas Zorn, the artist whose original style of portraiture was much admired during the World's fair, says that Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Grover Cleveland are two of the most lovely representatives of womanhood he has ever seen. Let the ladies be grateful for these kind words, for too often it happens that foreign artists, having taken the shekels, when safely on the other side of the ocean criticise their sitters with severity.—Boston Herald.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES IN THE NURSERY.

The gown on the right is of navy blue flannel, with guimpe and sleeves of blue and white percale. The small boy has a dimity frock plaited to a yoke with a sailor collar. The figure in the air represents a gymnasium suit of blue serge, with knickerbockers of the same, trimmed with plaid poplin. The figure at the left is a fatigue suit for a lad of 12, made of gray flannel or serge. The coat is a mere jacket, loosely fitting, without collar or lining.

Shoes In Hot Weather.

Don't try to wear a shoe that is too small for the foot in hot weather. This is flying in the face of common sense. The feet require a little humoring in the summer. They get irritable and excited under the least provocation. Even the iron rails on street car lines swell under the fierce rays of the sun, and what can be expected of flesh and blood? Wear a size, or at least a half size, larger shoe during the summer than you did in the winter.—Boots and Shoes Weekly.

Silver Bedsteads Now.

Brass bedsteads are no longer the most fashionable variety. They have grown too common for the ultra exclusive taste, and silver and white metal and plain silver now to a great extent supersede them. The new bedsteads are shown canopied with pale blue or pink, and the same scheme of color is carried out in the other furnishings. Silver curtain poles and andirons and draperies to match the bed canopied are the correct thing.

The ladies of Fort Worth, Tex., have organized an auxiliary of the Texas Equal Rights association. They have about 40 members, and the work is in good hands. Mrs. Judge Nugent is president and Mrs. H. M. Price secretary.

Wellesley girls found skirts much "in the way" when boating on the lake and finally discarded them altogether in their rowing shells, their substitute being a very modest and tasteful adaptation of a gymnasium suit.

A marble portrait bust of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe from the hand of Miss Annie Whitney of Boston has been purchased by subscription by Connecticut women and placed in Wadsworth atheneum at Hartford.

The most adventurous journey said to have ever been taken by a woman was recently completed by Mrs. Littledale, who, with her husband, started from Constantinople and crossed Asia to Shanghai.

Mrs. Martha G. Kimball, who lately died in Philadelphia, was the first person to suggest the observance of a national Decoration day.

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SANTA FE ROUTE.

For National Reunion G. A. R. Tickets sold September 7 and 8, good to return until September 28, at $21.50 for the round trip.

The coolest place in the city for a lunch or good dinner is at Whitneys, 730 Kansas avenue.

TALLEST MAN IN CONGRESS.

Albert Seaton Berry of Kentucky Bears That Distinction.

The Honorable Albert Seaton Berry of Kentucky is the tallest man in congress. He is 6 feet 7 inches in height. For a time it was supposed that General Newton Martin Curtis was the tallest statesman in Washington. Bynum and Tom Reed were in the ways and means committee-room swapping lies. Berry entered, looking for a document. When he had left Bynum remarked that he was a very tall man, undoubtedly the tallest man in congress. Reed dissented. He said:

"Bynum, that is just like you Democrats. You're always behind. You're never right. You keep me busy all the time pointing out your errors. It causes me more labor and trouble to keep you people supplied with correct information than all my other duties combined. Now, don't display your ignorance again. General Curtis of New York is the tallest man in congress. If you will remember this you will not be caught in such a grievous mistake again as alleging that a Kentuckian can reach above him."

Bynum did not believe the ex-speaker. Reed offered to bet him $5 that Curtis was the taller man. Bynum accepted the bet and pages were sent in quest of Curtis and Berry. They appeared in the committee-room in a few moments. Curtis stands very erect and Berry is in the habit of stooping his shoulders and neck. The nature of the bet was explained to him. Curtis smiled. Berry began to straighten up, first his shoulders and then his neck, until Reed's eyes began to expand. They were placed back to back and Berry proved to be an inch and a half taller than the big New Yorker. The ex-speaker was very much surprised and he drawled out, with his deep, Yankee twang:

"Berry, for God's sake, how much of yourself do you carry in your pockets?"

GHOSTS OF THE MAORIS.

They Scratch on Walls and Make Their Presence Known by Whistling.

The Maoris, it appears, have a rooted belief in ghosts, which they call "Kehuas," and in various manifestations from the spirit world. They do not profess to hear the raps by which Northern spiritualists suppose that the presence of spooks is manifested, from the reason that Maori houses, being of reeds, rushes or grass, raps would not be heard; but the ghosts ingeniously accommodate themselves to circumstances by scratching instead of rapping, which is, of course, very thoughtful of them. Maoris believe that ghosts speak in shrill, whistling voices, and a recent traveler states that for that reason the Maoris hate to hear any one whistle. The Kehua, according to native tradition, is generally found lying across a path, and to step over him is to die. If the traveler goes round by another path that leads to the place for which he is aiming he will find that the Kehua is on the new path before him. The one way to avoid disaster is to turn back and go home, or at least, to the place last left. A chief, described as "very intelligent," assured Mr. Tregear, who has lately been investigating Maori superstitions, that he saw the spirits of two of his uncles on each occasion before they died. His father, mother, brothers or sisters he did not see, and it is not stated why he supposed that his uncles specially desired to visit him in this fashion. The explanation of this and the rest probably is that the Maoris are a remarkably superstitious and imaginative people, who can make ghosts out of nothing — or nothing more substantial than dreams — as easily as an old Scotch wife of the last century.

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NATIONAL STABLES.

The Want and Miscellaneous columns of the STATE JOURNAL reach each working day in the week more than twice as many Topeka people as can be reached through any other paper. This is a fact.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidently spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied De Witt's Witch Hazel Salves, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burnes, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for Piles. J. K. Jones.

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